

Damn Your Eyes

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Summary: When her brother was a child, she had sworn to protect him from the monsters hiding underneath his bed. However, when they encounter the vicious and brutal Savivors, she will have to find a way to protect herself from the man who ensnared her heart. She'll have to protect herself from Negan.

## 1. Chapter 1: Meeting the Man

**\*\*So, after the newest finale of The Walking Dead, I decided to take the chance and write a fanfiction for the story. I haven't read much of the comics, so the characters (especially Negan) will be more like what we see in the show. \*\***

**\*\*Anything in italics indicates a flashback. Also, the story (except for what is in italics) will probably be set some time in season 5/season 6. \*\***

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\* \* \*

><p><em>Yelling rippled throughout the home, shattering the peace they once built. Her father punched the wall, and the carved sign above the front door swayed slightly. The television was blaring, the volume turned to max, and Beatrice cradled her brother as if he was a child again, not the sixteen year old boy he was now.<em> \_Her decorated hands covered his ears as a fiery fury brewed in her gut. Inhaling a deep breath, she climbed off the battered couch, helping her scared\_\_brother do the same.\_

\_ "Go grab the bags, Tristan. The ones we stashed in the closet," she said.\_

He bolted upstairs, silent and swift, and Beatrice nervously drummed her fingers against her thighs, her rings trembling and clinking together. She heard the shrill scream of her mother, the sound of a sharp slap against flesh. The stairs creaked as Tristan returned, both backpacks dangling from his slender arms. She quickly snagged one of the packs and approached the front door, her brother lingering behind her. His hand slipped into her's, his palm damp and warm. The door refused to make a sound as they stepped outside, car keys hooked around Beatrice's index finger.

\* \* \*

><p>Stoking the dancing fire, Tristan glanced back at his sister, his brow furrowed and his shoulders tense. She was pacing the length of their camp, her hands shoved into her pockets. There was a vicious gleam in her grey eyes, and sweat dampened her skin, her clothes glued to her body. Despite the short amount of time that passed, Beatrice had aged considerably. There was a permanent tension in her face, which had once retained a beautiful youthfulness, and her teeth were always digging into her lips, chewing on them until they bled and stung. She was like a cornered carnivore waiting for the moment she could run free and without restraint.<p>

"Y'know, you're face will stay like that if-Bertie?"

She went still, eyes focused on the trees. They were terribly dark, an unfathomable shadow looming over their sad camp, and she felt the burning sensation of eyes peering back at her. The hairs on her neck and arms prickled as her stomach twisted with apprehension. A heavy silence weighed down the air, thickened the tension, and the forest was placid, a stolid creature surrounding the duo.

"Tristan, grab your gun."

He'd barely felt the weapon against his palm before a hoard of men emerged from the trees, their guns raised and ready to fire. The branches beneath their feet snapped like brittle bones, a sound that chilled his blood.

"Now, you don't need to be doin' that, little man," a mustachioed man said, his tone light yet malicious. He stared down at Beatrice with eyes like tar, his lips curled into a sneer. "Grab their guns, boys. Before the boss gets here."

The camp became a tornado of activity as the men overturned everything in their brutal search for weapons. Beatrice was huddled next to her brother, eyes frantically following each of the survivors that swept past.

"Bea...what are we going to do?" Tristan asked, a tremor in his tinny voice. There was a slur to his words, a show of his obvious fear of the invaders.

"Well, ain't this a fuckin' shit show!"

\* \* \*

><p><em>The grocery store was raided, the shelves toppled onto the linoleum floor. Clutching her brother's sweaty hand, Beatrice carefully examined the disaster<em>\_they found themselves in. She

wasn't\_\_sure how this happened or why the streets were so empty, but a part of her feared the discovery of the truth.\_\_

\_Somewhere\_\_nearby, a wet sound\_\_resonated from a place she could not see, a sound that made her cringe. It brought about memories of watching her father stir a glass bowl filled\_\_with macaroni salad for the family picnic. However, the stench seeping into every crack\_\_of crevice of the room was far more unpleasant. It was as if someone had tossed a mixture\_\_of feces and laundry from a year ago into the quaint space, allowing it to fester in the scorching heat.\_\_

\_"Oh, God. What the hell is that?!" They'd\_\_turned the corner and immediately stopped, staring wide-eyed at the creature currently hunched over a corpse, flies nervously\_\_buzzing around its head. At the sound of the voice, the creature turned, its attention no longer on the feast placed before it. "Oh, shit! Tristan, run!"\_\_

\_They barreled out of the store, hands locked together, and flung themselves into the car Beatrice\_\_had stolen from their parents. The engine sputtered, belching out a cloud of black smoke, and the creature lumbered towards them, walking on a single leg as its other one was bent at a perverse angle, bones jutting out like rude spikes. The car barely made it out of the parking lot before a hoard of undead creatures discovered the source of the noise, their groans and wails forever echoing inside the siblings' minds.\_\_

\* \* \*

><p>The man with the baseball bat coiled in barbed wire was an anomaly to Beatrice. He sauntered out of the trees, a charismatic skip in his step. She understood that he held their lives in his hands, yet there was a charming quality to his expression. In any other situation, she would've enjoyed his presence. However, this wasn't a casual and accidental meeting at some clichÃ©d coffee shop; this was Hell. Barely taking notice of the other survivors, the man approached the brother and sister duo and grinned, the bat slung over his shoulder.<p>

"Sorry for the way my men have been treating you. They're fuckin' barbarians if you don't restrain 'em!" He said, a bit of laughter falling from his lips. "Now, I'm gonna be fuckin' polite and ask your names before the real storm hits."

Fidgeting, Tristan saw his sister roll her eyes and lean back, arms folded over her chest. It was a show of defiance he'd seen on multiple occasions, especially when she would have an unpalatable encounter with their heated parents. However, an argument with them wouldn't risk her life; it wouldn't result in having her head bashed in. Nonetheless, Beatrice simply ignored the man situated before them and continued to watch the multitude of survivors consuming what was left of their camp.

"Now, that's really not cool, sweetheart," the man teased, a clear frustration rooted deep in his voice, "I'm tryin' to be fuckin' polite, and you're going to act like a bitch. Let's try again. I'm Negan. What's your name?"

**\*\*New chapter! I apologize for the delay. Some drama happened, but I wanted to get this put ad quickly as possible. I am so happy you all are enjoying it! Constructive criticism is welcome!**

**\*\***

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\* \* \*

><p><em>Their already limited supply of food and water had vanished some few <em>\_weeks after their journey into the new world. The car was on its last stretch as oil dripped an endless trail down the road. And, as the days grew longer, the heat intensified to unbearable levels. Slumped against his \_\_sister, Tristan was on \_\_the verge of blacking out as the sweat soaked through his thin shirt, doing little to cool his baking body. Time melted into a powerful adversary\_\_, a villain with the lives of the people in its slimy hands.\_

\_"Do you remember the party mom threw for you seventh birthday?" Tristan asked, his mouth akin \_\_to a desert. He smacked his lips, and he swore he saw flakes of flesh flutter \_\_to the cracked concrete.\_

\_"What 'bout it?" There was a tremor in Beatrice's voice, a shake she couldn't rid \_\_herself of.\_

\_"You shoved me off the slide because \_\_you were pissed that everyone was focused on me," he retorted, hoping the conversation \_\_would distract her from the cruel heat.\_

\_"Yeah. I was a bitch. Still hasn't \_\_changed, I \_\_guess." She attempted a laugh just seconds before \_\_her body gave out. They hit the ground hard, Tristan barely able to catch himself before his head slammed against the road.\_\_"Well, I'm \_\_out."\_

\_Shaking, he scrambled to pull her beneath the shade of the trees, his hands roughly pushing away the hair that stuck to her face.\_

\_"Don't \_\_you give up like that, Bea. What would Uncle Rory say?"\_

\* \* \*

><p>The blindfold furiously scraped across her face as she stumbled onto the road, her foot catching the ledge on the van they had shoved her into. She managed to catch a few glimpses of the world through the thin fabric, but she was ignorant of the area. However, her main concern wasn't where she was; her main concern belonged to finding her brother. What the hell had they done to him?<p>

"Home sweet fuckin' home!" Negan said with a flourish of his arms, waving Lucille like a flag of triumph. "Get her damn blindfold off!"

She grimaced as the fabric was ripped away from her eyes, exposing her to an intense light. Beatrice snarled and turned her head, eyes frantically searching for Tristan. Panic flared up in her belly as a

sick realization settled in her mind: they'd taken him away. He was not walking amongst the older men, and she saw nothing that hinted at his presence. Which meant he was without her. He was alone and probably scared, and she couldn't protect him from the dark thoughts in his mind.

"What the hell did you do with my brother?!" She cried out, her eyes narrowed and fueled with an intense rage, "If you touch a hair on his head. I'll-!"

"You'll what? You're without a motherfucking weapon, and it's my fucking men who are carrying your ass around. So, cut the shit and realize you're fucked! Literally." A smirk sharpened the corner of his mouth as Negan faced her, more amused than angered by her words.

It was clear to Beatrice that she was outnumbered, and she had little choice in the matter. But she wasn't going to let this douchebag order her around. She was going to find her brother and get out of this shithole.

The house was in shambles as tiles fluttered from the rotting roof and the stairs nearly gave out when Tristan stepped onto the porch. His sister had her arms hooked around his waist in a weak attempt to remain standing, her face buried into the curve of his neck. Her breath was hot along his skin, a furnace of scorching heat, and she refused to loosen her crushing grip.

"Don't worry, Bea-Bea. I got you," he whispered, his voice sounding far different than what he was used to. He'd never dealt with his sister when she was like this, especially since she refused to show her weaknesses to him. To appear afraid was a sign of breaking down, and Beatrice Hawkins didn't break down.

A low creak sounded from beneath his tattered shoes, an explosion of noise in the otherwise silent home. Frozen, Tristan shifted his sister and lowered her into a moth-eaten chair, his eyes dancing along the eternity of space. He heard little indication of a Geek wandering around; nonetheless, he continued to hold his knife to his chest. Sparing Beatrice a glance to assure himself of her safety, he cautiously scoured the home for danger, listening to the quick breaths that sputtered past his sister's chapped lips. Her chest was moving quickly, a flurry of movement as if the air was being sucked from her lungs by some invisible creature.

"Don't worry, sis. I got you. I promise."

\* \* \*

><p>The room was consumed with darkness, a sliver of light beneath the door his only source of light. Rising from the concrete floor, he stood on unsteady legs, his knees knocking together like bells. Knowing the door would be locked, he approached the wall and dragged his fingers along the cracks and holes, hoping to find a form of escape. He felt the bumps and grooves in the paint, the chips that peeled away when his fingers grazed them. There was a distinct smell of something burned long ago, the remnants of the forgotten soul fluttering about the room like a lost butterfly. Tristan closed his eyes and listened the way his mother had told him to do a number of times when they walked outside at night. However, he wasn't listening

for the song of the crickets or the pitter-patter of children outside. He was searching for his survival.<p>

"Hey, I think the runt is up!" A voice chimed from outside the room just before Tristan heard the click of the lock. Rushing into the corner, he bunched his shirt up in his hands and paused, feigning innocence. A man of 40 years wandered into the room and flipped on a light, momentarily blinding the boy huddled in the corner. "Get yer ass up, kid. Boss has a few things to ask ya!" The man snarled, flashing a row of crooked and yellow teeth.

Hands grabbed at him, dragging him into the world he knew nothing of. He let himself relax as he carefully memorized the twists and turns they took through the maze of the building, the hands leaving bruises on his brown skin. They veered right and he was thrown forward, his slender body hitting the ground hard.

"Well, shit. He lasted longer than the last fucker we tossed in there!"

Biting his words, Tristan leaned back on his knees and sighed, awaiting his sentence from the Devil. The man towered above him, eyes gleaming beneath the shadow painted across his face. Reaching up, he smoothed down the stubble lining his strong jaw and smiled.

"Your sister has some real balls, kid. More than some of my own men! She's a fuckin' feisty one. Really going to enjoy havin' her around."

Bastard, he thought. But he didn't dare speak. One wrong word could result in something far worse than what his mind conjured up.

\* \* \*

><p><em>The boy was barely older than Tristan, yet he seemed much older than his face showed. He stumbled from the pantry, his clothes tattered and smeared with vomit and the blood of the Geeks. Blond hair was plastered across his forehead as sweat dampened his pale flesh.<em> He'd barely \_taken a step forward when a shovel slammed into the back of his head, throwing him against the counter. He bounced his face off the cabinets, blood viciously pouring from the cut sliced across his forehead, and groaned.\_

\_Startled, Tristan turned just as his sister limped past him, anger written across her twisted face. She swung the \_\_rusty shovel she'd been \_\_carrying around, and it smacked into the boy's arm\_\_, a cry of pain falling like grace from his lips.\_

\_"Beatrice! Stop! He's not \_\_a Geek!" Tristan reached for her arm, but she tore away from him, his voice drowned out by the blur of thoughts in her head.\_

\_She swung again and again and again until the boy said no more. He was sprawled out across the tile floor, a pool of blood spreading like fire. His face was turned towards Tristan, eyes wide and mouth open, but he was silent. There was a moment in which Tristan wished he could be like the wizards in his books-the powerful ones that could change anything without saying a word-but this was reality. The boy before him wasn't going \_\_to disappear in a cloud of smoke, and Beatrice had just murdered an innocent survivor\_\_. Looking at his

sister, he watched as her expression changed from violent to shocked, a flip that occurred \_\_in a minor second. She stumbled back and slumped against \_\_the counter, the shovel abandoned by the corpse. He heard her body hit the ground as the silence settled in, a callous and overwhelming silence.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Beatrice was turned away from the door, her long legs tucked beneath her. Eyes trained on the wall, she kept her attention off the footsteps behind her, yet she was ultimately aware of another presence in the room. Frowning, she closed her eyes and inhaled deeply. The presence was far different from Negan; it was much softer and familiar, a welcome embrace she found herself yearning for. Shifting slightly, she uncurled her legs and stood, turning to face her unexpected guest.<p>

And, in that very moment, her world came crashing down. She knew those grey eyes, the laugh lines wrinkling their corners, yet the permanent smile she was accustomed to had faded, leaving behind remnants of a past long forgotten. She heard the smooth slur of his words, recalled the feel of his hands in her's as they twirled across the neatly trimmed yard. However, the man before her was not the man she remembered.

This was not the Uncle Rory she'd grown up beside, the one who pushed her swing too high and let her stay up into the late hours of night.

"Hello, ma chÃ©rie. Been a long time," he whispered, his voice infused with guilt.

Without thinking, Beatrice took a fearsome swing at him, knocking his much larger being against the wall. He knocked his head on the concrete, black dots speckled like stars across his vision. He saw her fist some few inches away from his face when a gun slammed into the back of her head, rendering her unconscious. She collapsed, and Rory carefully picked her up, seeing the little girl he'd basically raised.

"I'm so sorry, Beatrice. For everything."

### 3. Chapter 3: Alone

\*\*I am shocked at how good the reception to this story has been, and it makes me happy that I'm actually doing something I enjoy and that others are enjoying. Here's the next chapter.\*\*

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\* \* \*

><p><em>When he woke, Tristan knew his sister <em>\_was gone, the home now a shell of \_\_intense silence. There was a single piece of burnt paper stuck underneath the bedroom door\_\_, yet he couldn't read \_\_the rushed handwriting Beatrice produced. The creak of the stairs was deafening as he approached the scene of the crime, the sound of shovel meeting flesh and bone ricocheting between his ears.\_

\_The boy's body had disappeared \_\_from the kitchen floor\_\_, leaving only the remains of the murder splattered across \_\_the counter tops and the walls. The atrocious scent had faded, but he could still envision \_\_the smell floating among the \_\_particles in the air, a virus waiting to ensnare its next victim.\_

\_Sweeping a hand through the mess of \_\_his hair, Tristan lowered himself to the floor and closed his eyes, waiting for \_\_Beatrice to return.\_

\* \* \*

><p>The barbed wire bat gleamed red as light cut through the cracked glass, reaching across the concrete floor, and Negan slowly faced his newest victim.<p>

A man. A man who had snuck into his Sanctuary and infected the Savivors with thoughts of rebellion and riots. A man who had tainted the loyalty of his people.

"Good fuckin' riddance," he said as he watched a few of his men grab the traitor and carry him away into the shadows. Smirking, the leader of the Savivors stalked the halls of the compound, his ears barely picking up the sounds of his people lingering around corners. Someone was screaming, a cracked voice destroyed by dehydration and starvation.

"Hey, boss! The girl woke up! And she ain't real happy," Dwight yelled before returning to his work, watching Negan from his peripheral vision.

Negan quickly altered his course to reach the room where the girl was being kept, Lucille swinging from his hand. Upon turning the corner, he saw his newest recruit standing by the door, a tattered hood pulled over his face. Wisps of bright red hair stuck out like shards of fire, the only color in the dark hallway.

"What the fuck is your name again? Rey or some suburban shit like that?" Negan asked as he approached the door.

"Rory, sir. Rory Hawkins."

"Right. Rory. Because I'm pretty fuckin' sure I heard some of men sayin' these kids belonged to you?"

There was a pause. Rory kept his face foward, never once looking at Negan, but he nodded, his fingers tightening around his gun. He straightened his shoulders and bit back his words.

"Well, happy fucking family reunion!"

\* \* \*

><p><em>Days flew past like a gust of wind. Unaware of how many days they'd been <em>\_wandering the land, Tristan shuffled around the \_\_empty house, his stomach in a permanent knot of distress. He felt on the verge of vomiting until Beatrice returned safely. But he wasn't so \_\_sure she would.\_



\_He crawled underneath the eaten bedsheets and closed his eyes, praying this hell would end \_\_soon.\_ \_The bed embraced him, coiling around his small body, and he pressed further into \_\_the mattress, dreaming of a time when all wasn't falling \_\_apart.\_ \_He yearned to be wrapped up in his bedsheets, his cheek pressed against a cool pillow. He could hear the soft humming of his mother, a sweet and slow tune she'd sang \_\_since the time he was born.\_

\_"Oi! What're doin'?"\_

\* \* \*

><p>She was trembling. Blood stained the skin around her nails from her constant chewing, the fingers bent and bruised. Hunched over, she had her eyes closed and her hands flattened against her aching stomach, tears burning the corners of her eyes. The world was digging its nails into her flesh, shredding her apart from the inside.<p>

"Good fuckin' morning, sleeping beauty!" Negan bellowed, a charming yet malicious smile stretched to his ears. The light behind him illuminated his tall silhouette, enhancing the intimidating nature of his being. His amused eyes sparked as he slinked towards her. "Well, don't you look like shit!"

Flinching, Beatrice turned away from him as a million tiny memories floated in a hoop around her head. She saw flashes of her mother, bright-eyed and glowing, and her father, tender hearted and handsome; she saw a baby tucked against her own chest, its wails like that of a banshee. She saw her uncle smiling down at her, a smile that she would soon destroy in the recesses of her brain.

"You 'bout to cry? What happened to the fuckin' feisty bitch I met a few hours ago? Y'know, I could always go to that fucking punk of a brother you brought with you."

Something intense scorched the nerves tangled up beneath her skin; her rage flared like a forest fire, and she leapt from the bed, flinging her body towards her kidnapper. His strong arms hooked around her like a vice, pinning her small body against his own. She squirmed, her hands held close to her sides, and slammed her head into his chin, knocking him off balance. Beatrice hit the ground hard and closed her eyes at the shock of the impact, biting down on her tongue.

"There she is!" Negan said, not an ounce of anger laced into his words. "There she fucking is!"

Opening her eyes, Beatrice saw the blood dripping from his split lip, the crimson liquid blossoming across his shirt. Despite the injury, he was smiling, triumph burning in his face.

"Fuck you! You stay the fuck away from him and stay the fuck away from me!" She screamed, "I'll bash your head in if you lay one hand on his head!"

\* \* \*

><p><em>The woman was quite old, her body tormented by the hand of Time. A long and torn cloak hung from her thin shoulders, swallowing

her small form, but Tristan could see <em>\_the gun she \_\_tucked away inside the cloak. Her blonde hair was shot through with silver, and her eyes were barely open as the skin around it sagged low. Shuffling foward, the woman cautiously poked at Tristan, watching with sharp eyes as he nearly fell from the mattress.\_

\_"What're doin\_\_' in my home, boy?" Her voice wavered and cracked, but she managed to sound strong.\_

\_"I-I...my sister and I were \_\_just lookin' for shelter, and we found this house! We didn't realize \_\_anyone lived here!"\_

\_"Bullshit! There is another boy livin' here! My grandson! Where is he? I asked him to hide in the pantry until I came \_\_back! What did you do to him?"\_

\_A skeletal hand crawled down Tristan's spine, dragging along his brown skin. He shivered and crossed his arms, the vicious image like a camera flash going off in his head. The boy sprawled out across the linoleum floor, his head caving in from the abuse of the shovel, his blood like smears of paint on the walls\_\_. A knot twisted in his stomach, and his body fell forward, the few contents of his insides spilling onto the\_\_ground.\_

\_"Where is my grandson, boy?!" The old woman demanded, crooked hands reaching for her gun.\_

\_"I'm sorry\_\_. I'm so\_\_, so, so sorry. I...she didn't mean \_\_to. He just appeared out of nowhere. She...she was trying to pro-protect me! She...she didn't\_\_mean to hurt him!" Tristan was weeping, his young face a mess of snot and vomit and hot tears.\_

\_Realization dawned upon the woman, and she charged forward, her claws sharpened like a harpy and furiously making \_\_grabs at him.\_

\_Tristan wasn't sure \_\_when he grabbed his knife, nor how he managed to hold it so steady. But he was aware of the woman releasing a final breath of life as the blade sunk into \_\_her stomach, slicing through wrinkled\_\_, grey flesh as if it were butter. Her eyes burned for a final second before she went still, her blood drenching his shirt and face. Quickly he \_\_shifted to remove her corpse from him, using the heel of his shoe to destroy any chance of her rising up again, his mind and senses numb.\_ \_Someone had sucked away \_\_the feelings in his being, wiping away the slate and making it clean.\_

\_"She was \_\_just trying to protect me, lady."\_

\* \* \*

><p>"I brought you food, kid," a heavy voice said.<p>

Turning on his heels, Tristan faced the boy standing near the door, a silver tray balanced in his rough hands. He was a giant, standing a head taller than him, and the clothes he wore clung to his muscular form. His black hair was pushed back, slick curls tucked behind his small ears. Thick, leather boots adorned his feet, dusty and stained with dirt and other pieces of the earth. He smirked, and something deep inside of Tristan swelled, something warm.

"Thanks," he responded, his voice just barely above a whisper. He was staring at the boy, the warmth burning in his cheeks, and he felt sweat dampen his hands.

"No problem, kid. Name's Rufio. See you later." And, with that, he was gone.

Oh, shit.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So, yeah. That's how that ended. If anyone has any suggestions or constructive criticism, message me! I like to know when I'm doing anything wrong in regards to characterization.<strong>

\*\*Thank you for reading and reviewing!\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 4: Time

\*\*Another chapter! And this one was fun because it's actually centered around another character, except for the flashbacks.\*\*

\*\*For reference to how the characters look:\*\*

\*\*Beatrice: Devery Jacobs (the cover photo)\*\*

\*\*Tristan: Alfred Enoch (younger)\*\*

\*\*Rory: Oscar Isaac (with red hair)\*\*

\*\*Rufio: Rami Malek\*\*

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\* \* \*

><p><em>The rusted blade sawed through the brown locks, removing the hair piece by agonizing piece. Clutching the weapon in her trembling hand, she could feel the pockets of pain as the knife tugged hard on her hair, roughly pulling at her tender scalp. A shaky breath fell from her lips as brown strands of jagged and dirty hair circled her feet, a ring of frustration and fear. The blade sliced across her skin, and she startled, a pained groan like a whisper upon on her dry<em>\_lips.\_

\_Beatrice stopped as trickles of blood dripped down her face, streaming through the \_\_lines of mud she'd smeared \_\_on her skin. Closing her eyes, she let the knife fall, and it clattered against the ground.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Time was a poison. It crawled through the day and ended on strong feet, yet it beat down those who could not follow. In a moment where very few places believed in the concept, Time was forgotten. Forgotten but not gone.<p>

For Rufio, Time reminded him of his mom. She was always watching the clock as if patiently waiting for something-anything-to happen. It was because of her that he had spent the first few weeks of the apocalypse trying to find a working watch or a calendar not torn or painted red.

It was because of her love affair with Time that he was alive and she wasn't.

The watch he wore was cracked but still ticking, the only constant thing in his life. He wandered the halls of the sanctuary listening to the watch, praying it would never cease.

"Hey, newbie! Boss wants you on guard duty!" A grey-haired Savior yelled from the darkest depths of the compound.

"What happened to the Hawkins dude?" Rufio asked as he tapped the face of his watch, eyes following the steady movement of the arms.

"Don't know. Boss says he's got somethin' planned for him. Maybe you should take it up with Negan. Or you could ask that boy you've been beggin' to see every damn day!" The Savior teased, a crooked grin sliced across his face.

"Why is that any of your damn business?" Rufio shoved past him, their shoulders colliding, and went in search of his post.

"It ain't. I just didn't peg ya for a homo."

\* \* \*

><p><em>Wind kissed the skin of her neck, bringing her relief from the unbearable heat. She was struggling to follow the road, her lack of food and drink weighing down her ability to function.<em>

\_"Bertie?" A disembodied voice called from...somewhere. She wasn't sure \_\_where. Or who it was. Or how they \_\_knew her name. "Honey? Come to mommy."\_

\_\_She spun around and stumbled as a young woman stepped onto \_\_the road, her pastel yellow dress billowing in \_\_the wind. The sun shone down on her tan skin, and the woman began to glow\_\_\_. Beatrice walked \_\_forward and reached out; the world grew larger, the trees like green giants curling towards the \_\_sky.\_

\_"Bea-Bea, come to mommy."\_

\_\_Arms engulfed her body, and she clung to her mother, tears spilling down her cheeks. She clutched the back the woman's dress and held her close, wishing they were far away \_\_from here.\_

\_"Mommy's got you, baby. Mommy's got \_\_you," the woman whispered, "Mommy will protect you from this place."\_

\_"I miss you, mommy."\_

\_\_The woman sighed and nodded, her dark hair tickling Beatrice's

neck.\_

\_"I know, baby. Mommy misses you, too."\_

\* \* \*

><p>The boy was snoring as his small body curled around the pillow, his chest rising and falling slowly. Rufio stepped further into the black space, noticing the empty tray by the foot of the bed. As he crossed the room to retrieve the tray, a peculiar sound ensnared his attention. He glanced at the boy and watched as he began to hum in his sleep, a choppy melody abandoned long ago.<p>

Rufio tilted his head and knelt down, running his gloved finger along the scar that followed the line of the boy's jaw. His face was soft, devoid of the terror of the new world. There was something in his expression, something Rufio had dreamt of. The boy rolled onto his back and giggled, his skin sensitive to the gentle touch.

"What the fuck are you doing, Rufio?!" Dwight stalked the doorway, his twisted face consumed by the vicious burn given to him by Negan. "You were told to guard the prisoner. Not fuckin' caress his face!"

Rolling his eyes, Rufio stood and sauntered across the length of the room, standing much taller than Dwight. He glared down at the Savior and smirked.

"What're going to do, D? Snitch to Negan? Kiss his ass? Because I'm pretty sure he wouldn't mind takin' Lucille to your ugly mug," Rufio growled. A beast formed in his eyes, a monster of fire and blood, its claws like talons of gold.

Dwight backed away and crossed his arms, sparing the boy a quick glance. He gave Rufio a look and walked off, the gun bouncing against his hip.

"What was that?"

Looking over his shoulder, he examined the sleepy face of the boy and shrugged.

"Don't worry 'bout it, kid. Just some drama in the family."

\* \* \*

><p><em>The house was as she remembered, but there was something <em>off about the \_air around it. She glanced over her shoulder as she grasped her mother's hand, and the air was ripped from her lungs.\_

\_Geeks, thousands of them, were stumbling towards them, flesh and fabric hanging from the shells of their being. Groans of hunger invaded her ears, and she began to run, tugging her mother forward.\_

\_"Momma! We have to get inside!"\_

\_Her mother threw her head back and laughed as if Beatrice had told her some dirty joke she had heard at school. The front door swung

open with a dramatic flair\_\_, and her father stepped onto the porch, his face young and lively.\_

\_"Hello, honey! Hello, my sweet child!" He embraced them \_\_with his strong arms, nearly dragging them into the comfort of their home. Behind them, the sound of the Geeks dissipated, and Mother Nature's song resumed once more. "Oh, my beautiful child. I have missed you like the stars miss the moon on a cloudy night!"\_

\_Beatrice took in the place she had forgotten some time ago, breathing in the sweet smells of her father's cooking. Warmth enveloped her body, and she grinned, the worries of the world gone. She wandered past the wall of photographs, a wall of family vacations and Christmas feasts.\_

\_"There is someone here that really wants to see you, baby," her mother said as she led Beatrice into \_\_the living room.\_

\_The room soured as her Uncle Rory rose \_\_from the couch, the space around his feet \_\_black and burnt. He was smiling, and the teeth he cared so much for rotted \_\_away, leaving behind an empty abyss.\_

\_"Momma, I don't wanna \_\_see him. He broke his promise!" Beatrice screamed as she stomped her feet, feeling much smaller as seconds ticked by.\_

\_"Oh, don't worry about \_\_that, baby girl. He didn't mean \_\_it, did you?"\_

\_Rory only smiled wider, his eyes like\_\_pits of pure ink.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Rufio tapped the watch face once more as he turned the corner, annoyed by its lack of cooperation. He tipped his head back and came to a sudden halt, his attention captured by the cluster of men surrounding an open door.<p>

"Shit. She's so fuckin' hot! See that ass? Think Negan will mind if w-!"

He barreled through them and yanked the door shut, startling the woman inside. Facing the men, he snatched the axe hooked to his belt and swung, the blade some few inches from the man at the front.

"What the fuck, man? We were just havin' a little fun 'fore the boss shows up! Just a little harmless fun!"

The fire in Rufio's belly surged and he marched forward, the axe hanging haphazardly from his fingers.

"Was it just harmless fun when you murdered my mother because she wouldn't have sex with any of you? Huh?! What the fuck do you have to say to that, you sick bastards!?" Red bloomed across his face as he swung the axe once more, the blade catching one of the Savior's shirts. The men quickly scattered as if they had cornered a starving lion and had teased it too much.

"You still holdin' a grudge on that shit, Ruf? It was a fuckin' accident! Real shame, too. She was a sexy one! Would've loved seein' he-ACK!"

Blood spurted from the slit in the man's throat, a waterfall of red, and he collapsed, the blood pooling around his body. A hand seized Rufio, and he felt the weight of the watch disappear, leaving behind a sense of emptiness. He stumbled and swung his axe, but he was met with only air. The Savivors scampered off like scared mice, abandoning the corpse of their friend. Shaking his head, Rufio divided the brain into multiple parts and walked off, his face gleaming with sweat and blood.

\* \* \*

><p><em>She darted upstairs, dodging the hands of her parents. They called for her, but their voices were shrill and intangible. The nursery door flew open, and she jogged across the threshold, the world around her <em>going dark. Hearing the click of the lock, Beatrice limped towards the crib by the cracked window, seeing a familiar tuft of dark hair. She curled her weak arms around his small body and cradled him against her chest, a shield to protect him \_\_from the monsters in the shadows.\_\_

\_"Wake up! Bertie! You have to wake up!" The baby wailed, pummeling his chubby fists against her shoulders. He squirmed in her arms until she dropped him, his body fading away like a phantom. The blanket he was wrapped in turned to ash, and Beatrice was alone again.\_

\_Suddenly, light slapped her face, and she startled awake, the gravel digging into her flesh. Leaning forward with \_\_her palms flattened against the concrete, she analyzed the stretch of \_\_road on either side of her. There was no mother\_\_in a yellow dress and no uncle with a mouth of darkness. She was alone, and she was scared. More scared than she ever had been in her lifetime.\_

\_Geeks blundered onto the road, closing in around her. Aware of the danger she had put herself in, Beatrice snatched her knife from her boot and stood, breaking out into a sprint before she was completely surrounded by the undead.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Beatrice was shoved to her knees before the leader, her hands painfully bound behind her back. She scowled at the impudent smile that found its way across Negan's handsome face. Leaning back on her legs, she waited.<p>

"You know, you've been really fuckin' difficult. But I am a patient and understanding man. I know this is hard for you. Really fuckin' hard. So, I'm gonna make a deal with you," Negan said, "You agree to be one of my wives, and you get every bit of protection and pleasure the rest of them get. All you have to fuckin' do is play the role to absolute perfection."

The Savivors snickered and nudged each other, eying her like a piece of meat. She squirmed in her position and clenched her fists, ignoring the steady rise of air brewing in her gut. Beatrice was going to kill this man when she had the fucking chance.

"If I say no? What are you going to do?"

Negan wore a shit-eating grin as he nodded his head toward the doors, watching as they dragged out his newest recruit. The red hair he was known for had wilted, sticking to his face as sweat dampened his skin. The Savivors threw Rory down before Beatrice and stepped back, buzzing with excitement.

"You have a choice. Of course, you could let him live and all you'd have to do is be my wife. Or let him die and continue sleeping in that shithole. Now, I know what I would do if it were my family."

A smile broke out across Beatrice's face as she glared at her uncle, ignoring the blur of terror in his eyes. He knew her choice; her knew her choice long before they dragged him out there.

"Negan, you should've done some fuckin' research on the history of my family. I've been wantin' that bastard dead since he caused my brother to end up in a fuckin' hospital! So, no. I won't take your goddamn deal. Better yet, I'll let you take your deal and shove it up your ass!"

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Well, there it is. Thank you for enjoying the story! Any constructive criticism will be accepted!<strong>

End  
file.